cool birds get a shag stamp!

SHAG stamp

no.5 50p

"I took my clothes off for money,"
-One woman's story

"Huggy Bear are one of my favourite bands,"
-BEING RIGHT-ON TO GET A SHAG

DO IT
eat, fuck, shop

JOIN IT
fuck, shop, diet, eat

FUCK IT
some sexy pics of pop stars

She accepted lifts from men -What's her game, ay?

the obscenity issue

SHAG STAMP/P.O.BOX298/ SHEFFIELD S10 1YU/ U.K

Cover model- Puerto Rican woman with beauty mark, NYC 1965; photographer Diane Arbus. I believe the model sued after seeing her non too flattering expression. -I used this because I wanted to show a not too perfect, contented, flawless image, but perhaps the bizarre value doesn't have the ability to shock anymore; unorthodox faces are no longer such a big deal, with 'freak' model agencies, Madonna cross-dressing for extra cool points, piercing/ tattoos in Vogue, etc; my 18 year old sister's friends glamourize self-mutilation, druggy lifestyles a la Kurt Cobain, 17 year old Courtney lookalikes playing at the junkie image to impress men. -Then, on the other end of the scale you've got the Arbus critics who say its no longer acceptable to see people as freaks, even though she's only fulfilling the normal human reaction- **to stare.**

Lady with chair, ca. 1700

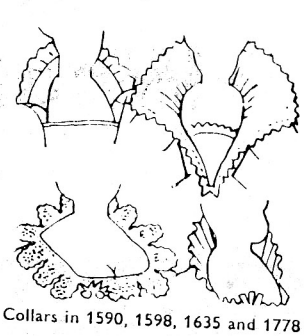
-Everything's so superficially wacky, be who you want to be, but dig deep a nd it's more conformist than ever, Neighbourh-ood Watch adverts converting suburban life into Invasion of the Bodysnatchers- together, we'll keep our Cul-de-Sac free from scum....

-I guess this intro has started as boring and right-on as ever, there's a few pieces in this which aim to encourage the D.I.Y. 'scene' but mostly it's propogating my new aim in life, to be as **hedonistic** and **decadent** as possible- sometimes this is difficult when I'm busy with this and can never be bothered to eat, cook, wash, etc, (beertime not bathtime, ha ha); it perhaps also reflects my current obsession with Victoriana- do I indeed belong in a different era?-It's the obscenity issue coz basically I've been thinking about sex a lot lately and stuff some might consider obscene, be it Mr. Shirtsweat or people sticking pencils at me in the name of art, so I thought I'd give some space to this filthy topic, and as women's magazines seem obsessed with sex the more eagle-eyed amongst you might get a sense of recognition from the lay-out of this. .. The A4 is really just an experiment, splashing out loanwise, dunno if it'll stay like this- there aint gonna be another one for a while, anyhow, while I concentrate on other art- related things, spend some time on my much neglected distro, maybe even get a band together, and just enjoy the finer things in life- good drink and good food, not to mention stripping for my supper, and having really sleazy stoner sex to Girls Vs. Boys!

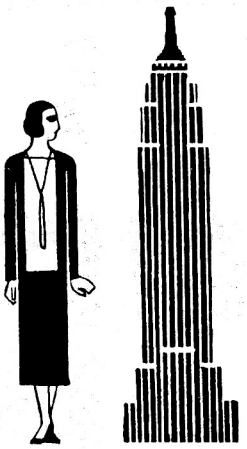
The ideal female figure 1900

-Things are really getting way too complicated. Life's too short and getting way too silly to live it exclusively by the h/c rulebook. Fuck that! Take the new phone codes, they're getting longer and longer, change the 7 to 11, and then unless you can remember 4 **extra** digits others can track you down... I tell ya, I feel like hiding under my quilt until the apocalypse...

Back issues of this are available from me, as are other zines and stuff done by women (see ad). I've sold out completely of nos 1 and 2, have a handful of copies of no 3 available for 60p and no 4, the split with Duhhh, can be yours for 80p- this includes postage in the U.K. ($2 overseas, $1 Europe). All text, photos, graphix and general fuck-ups are by me unless otherwise stated- please ask before you use owt, cheers!



Collars in 1590, 1598, 1635 and 1778

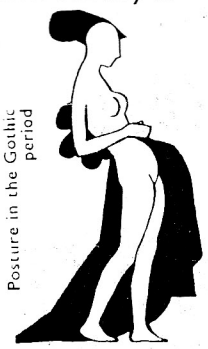


Dress of the 1920's and a skyscraper

-Thanks to all who've contributed; Craig, Michael, Miss. Celiebriel Pie, the sexual food queens, Christina and Feminists Against Censorship for a long letter and for their books respectively (which helped me feel able to write the porn piece), to all the cool people in the Sheff for keeping me sane and Anthony for being so spankingly ordered I was shamed into sorting my layout out! (amongst other things)

This has been brought to you with lashings of- Tennessee Williams, Kathy Acker, Emily Bronte, Joel Peter Witkin, Annie Sprinkle, Angela Carter, grapes, strawberries (tarts), poppy punk for a change, and ska and old anarcho sounds, Throwing Muses coz they"re sexy, and Wagner (yeah, fuckin goose step round my room), Neurosis and Ambush not for a change, decadence and Victoriana. No thanks to dog hairs. Enjoy and eat doughnuts.

-Jane, June 95.



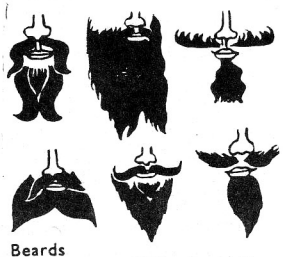
Posture in the Gothic period

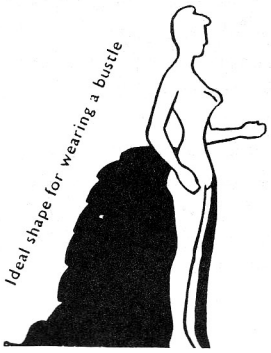
SHAG STAMP DISTRO

-for the sale of female produced zines, records, etc- contact the Shag Stamp address for lists, sales, etc. Trades welcome Non- profit and D-I-Y

Nepotism -U- Like

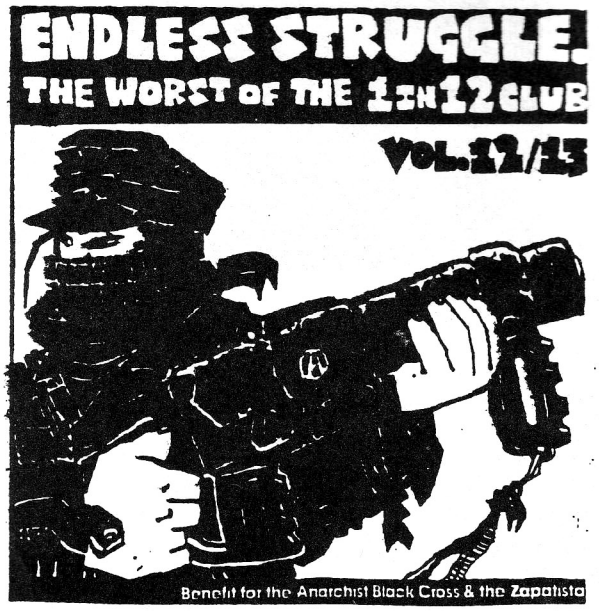
-I don't do reviews, but... I like these people and their zines! Fave ones currently are definately **I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck**- brilliant little stories, dead witty, no twee hanging out shit, just drink beer and fuck shit up yarns, stupid little kid tales, I love it- send $1 (more over here, I guess, try $2) or Iguanodon (?) related stuff to- Andy, P.O. box 21533-1850 Commercial Dr, Vancouver B.C, V5N 4AO Canada... **Gluebag Baby** is **the** zine to get to be a proper punk, Paddy's stories and interview technique are as on the ball as ever, and the name's one of the best- send, I dunno, 30p(?) + SAE to- Paddy O'Doors, c/o the Centre, 3-5 Donegal Lane, Belfast, BT1 2LZ, N. Ireland... I liked Boredom Images, (no 8) kinda arty but punky too, big and lots in it, 'an intelligent read', but at 95p (!) a bit steep perhaps?? Anyhow it's from Ade L. Vice, 43 Priory Rd, Alfreton, Derbyshire, DE55 7JT... The new **Gusset** (no.4) is out now, haven't read it but I've been told they've got to Feminists Against Censorship before me- it's usually dead good anyhow... 40p + SAE to Dawn, 63 Russell Rd, Moseley, Birmingham B13 8RB... And if you haven't already seen **Rubber Whammy**, then share in its indulgence... I'm mentioning it mainly coz Christina's partly(?) behind **Decadent Action,**





"Why settle for drab when you can have shiny, sparkly? With a cunning mixture of scams and economics, D.A. will increase spending to breaking point and destroy the monetary system at its leisure." Send 50p + SAE to- Christina, BM Decadence, London, WC1N 3XX... **Plastazine** no 4 is just out, with "Schwartzeneggar, Raw Novembre, articles, reviews, art and waffle", its thicker than usual and quite diverse in encompassing punk/ hippy/ anarcho stuff... send 60p + SAE to- Aidan, 2 Leo Ave, Phibsborough, Dublin 7, Eire... **Fast Connection** no.1 is trying to be a kind of scene mag I think, and while it veers a bit too indyish p'raps for me it's totally supportive of the underground and has potential- at least the kids've got energy! send £1 + A4 SAE c/o Slampt, P.O. Box 54, Heaton, Newcastle U. Tyne, NE6 5YW... There's new **Stalingrad** Ep and **Manfat** Lps coming out soon or already out in the case of Stalingrad, splits with Voorhees and Rupture respectively, the former's on Caught Offside Manfats on summat French(?), there now kids, do I get free ones now?!... **Duhhh** no 6 is just out, what the last ish was a split with, 'the meaning of life' issue, spanking posh to look at, 50p + SAE to- Anthony, P.O. Box HP 72, Leeds LS6 1XT... and lastly I shan't forget to mention **Bypass**'s new address

Hair styles of the Ice Age



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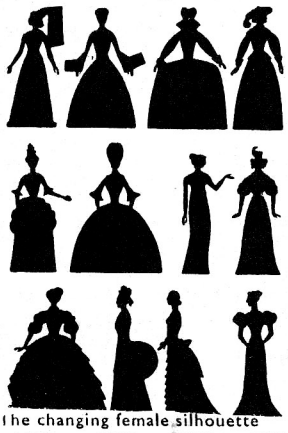
for reviews, etc- c/o Slab-O- Concrete, P.O. Box 148, Hove, BN3 3DQ, no5 out in July £1.20 postpaid in the U.K. -Sorry to everyone else, I've run outta space!



the changing female silhouette

1475	1525	1610	1640
1700	1770	1800	1825
1850	1872	1885	1890

SHEFFIELD scene report

-Well, Sheffield aint exactly the hive of punkdom but it's a big city, well situated kinda between Leeds and Nottingham, and it deserves better, so I thought if I tried to encourage the positive things going on here it might help kick the place up the arse. Where I live, Sharrow, and Netheredge, are studenty/ crustyish areas, I'll probably concentrate most on there, and Crookesmoor, which is teeming with hippies and jitters by all accounts. It's fuckin hilly for a start, you need bloody mountaineering experience round here- "If it weren't for the hills, Sheffield'd be flat, y'know," - Yeah, dead helpful, mum... -Plus it's always fuckin raining, and it's dead suburban- we're talking wheelie bins and squirrels for excitement here! Anyhow- punk rock stuff...

-Well, if you're really cheesy you can just get yer sen a bottle of sherry and go and sit in **Peace Gardens** with the gumbies, slighty above that is the indy disco **'Drop'** at the City Hall on a Friday night, plenty of copping off and throwing up in the bogs, me, I just sit by the bar and grumble and then say what a fun night out it was... Then there's the **Vine**, which doesn't need anymore encouragement from me- it's a nice pub but it's just my local, it shouldn't be getting reviewed in the bloody poly magazine... Next door is **Kins**, a Chinese, best chippy around coz their big portions are fuckin huge, no potato drought here!

-The Independent bookshop in town (near the Crucible) is right-on leftyish, stocks this too, as does the **Sheffin drop-in centre** on Crookes Valley Rd, get involved, they need volunteers, otherwise just go and visit and use it as a resource to desseminate information... There's a right-on housing co-op in Burngreave, and we've got a 'cultural quarter' (ha, ha, street, more like, that's what they call it,) for all us pretentious art students (Sheffield's crawling with em)- with a photography gallery, new independent cinema and an incredibly under-used homage to extravagant architecture, the Workstation... nice floor finish, guys...

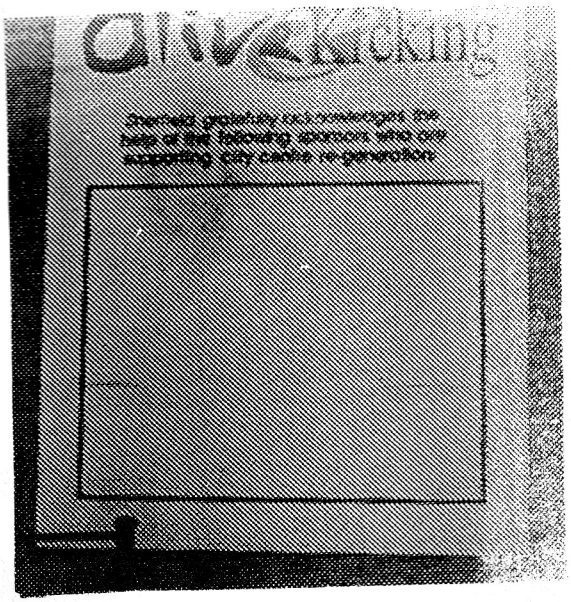
Local bandwise, there's not been many punk ones since the Mau Maus (shit I knew they'd get name dropped somehow!), it's all Acid Jazz, get-stoned stuff, kids in the Sheff like a smoke, **Brained** are alright for that Starsky and Hutch music, then there's all the indy, Pulp-y stuff... Yeah, quaver ravey, that's what's popular, especially with the students it seems- punk wise there's **Tonnage** (who used to be called No Response- I've no idea if I've spelt that right!), kinda rappy hardcore, like Downset maybe (? I've never heard them tho'!), a bit metally, I haven't heard em recently but they're pretty tight... I'd give ya an address, but I dunno if it'd be up to date... **Worm** are from Chesterfield, which is near enough, they've been around years but have apparently much improved recently, still playing melodic h/c... **Truth Decay** are Sheff's finest exponents of '77 punk rock, spikey hair and all, while **Blind Mole Rat** play folky ska-y punk, pretty good for that though, definately improved I reckon...

Gigs are held at the **Hallamshire Arms** on West St, though I've heard the electrics from the tramline outside have been interfering with the P.A! One of the last ones was ABC Diablo, and was poorly attended by all accounts, shit I know I missed it coz I was outta town, but where were the rest of yez? I dunno, no wonder fuck all happens when no-one can be arsed... It doesn't half piss me off! Gigs are also sometimes held at the **Broomsprings Centre** in Broomhall (Blind Mole Rat and Spithead played a lively Anti Fascist Action benefit there in December), and then you've got the **Leadmill** for bigger, more commercial gigs- ones in the bar are usually quite cheap, I've only been there once...

Zine wise there's Evan's zine **Gibbering Madness,** no.3(?) should be out dead soon, write to him c/o the Shag Stamp address, (put Evan on the envelope(!), 30 p+ SAE, it's sorta horror, fiction, mail art kinda stuff I think, and he promises no more poetry! He's also made these Top Trumps cards with scary monsters on, all created by himself! -him and Woz are also responsible for the **'Hunt Scum'** comp tape, benefit for **Sheffield hunt sabs,** £1.50 + SAE (?), write comp tape or summat on the address (!), and another at 'my' address is Andy Cat Shelter's new zine (coming out soon he said about 6 months ago) **I'd Rather be out Killing Communists** he called it last time, will he still call it that? (I think he goes by the name of Willshaw zinewise, I just call him Andrew Cat shelter coz that's where he lives...)

-Then you've got the right- on, politicsy stuff... the anarchist group, address P.O. Box 446, Sheffield, S1 1NY, Anti Fascist Action group, sabbing, all seem quite active round here, animal rights activity especially, I've run outta room to let Simon write about **Praxis** and I haven't got it off him yet anyway, I think it's a kinda arty, multimedia anarcho thingy, plus mad Neurosis style drumming sessions (?), and get yer vegan caf off the ground Simon, do it, coz we need it... (Someone said one'd just opened, actually, I'll have to check it out...)

-There was a good squat (for a time, got kinda taken over by certain elements, sadly); in Crookes at the old junior school; they held a DIY conference in December (to do with 'the scene', not handiwork), and a big party on New years eve, both of which I missed, but I'd like to see the idea of a squatted community centre continuing...



-So, while it aint exactly buzzing, you make do, and, like yer mam says, "It's what ya make of it," -So that's Sheffield- what next, top scene report from Sowerby Bridge?!

a SHORT PIECE ON CATS, DOGS, AND THEIR HAIRS...

my CAT AIN'T NO RIOT GRRRL FUGGY BEAR CUTE PUSSY CALLED COURTNEY SHIT. she don't give a FUCK about FEMINISM. WOMEN. PEOPLE, DOGS. OTHER CATS.....

She's hard and COOL AND BLACK AND KNOWS IT.... BRISTLING TRYING TO MAKE HERSELF LOOK BIGGER....

staring.....

SOOTY...

fitz...

and... lasper

PERCHED STIFFLY ON DOMESTIC SURFACES.....

DISAPPROVING SCHOOL MA'AM DIERDRE BARLOW, "GO TO YOUR ROOM, TRACY!" (pre bad-E) ICY GLARE. SPITTING INSULTS.....

crap haircut days...

jam jars

Just about to boo-

⇒ get her a DUNCE'S CAP....

The amount of time she spends stuck in the corner.....

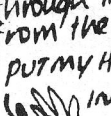
NEGATIVE CAT BELLY touching floor SUCK.....

THE OUTSIDE JUST AIN'T WORTH BOTHERING WITH WHEN YOU CAN.... PISS

IN THE DOG'S FOOD BOWL (no shit, I once caught her doing it... but not in the shelf...)

OR.... IN THE BATHROOM..... (find an available crack in the floorboard. me and Russ were once about to phone a plumber when WATER started leaking through into the living room from the ceiling. THEN.... I PUT MY HAND in it, HANG ON...

Ting!

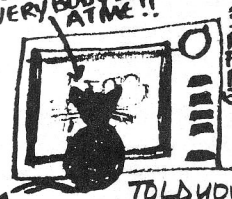


(angry) SOOTY!

ITS WARM AND WOT'S THAT SMELL?!

...I SHOULDN'T REALLY TAKE THE PISS OUTTA HER ILLNESS, BUT... WHEN SHE WAS ILL SHE SPAT FOOD OUT IN GREAT FITS, RAN INTO T'OTHER ROOM TO DO IT, SITS IN FRONT OF THE TV, LIKE... I'M CENTRE OF ATTENTION, & I DON'T LIKE THIS FLAVOUR CAT FOOD! DOES SHE THINK SHE'S FAT FREDDY'S CAT?!

LOOK AT ME EVERYBODY LOOK AT ME!!



SOOTY! MOVE. FUCK OFF! NOW!!

TOLD YOU

(or maybe she controls the people who live in the telly, & thus the media...)

THEY'VE GIVEN HER STEROIDS

(anarm!!)

to make her better ny her bad eating habits, & a little bald patch on her leg where she had injections.....

It was cool and made her look hard, but it's grown back now, dun..

ME-OW!!!

Permanent fuckin sordidness

...& SHE'S BEEN IN SAFE WARD, HEAD POPPING OUT OF HER BOX, — WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING HERE?!

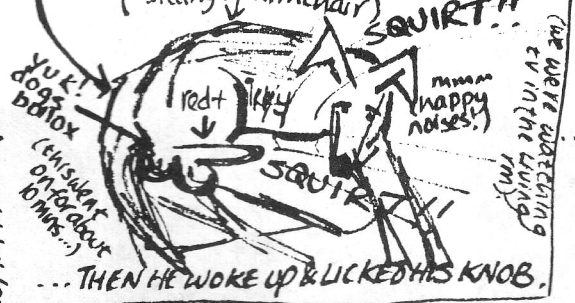
THE DOGS..... don't TAKE NO SHIT, THEY KNOW WHO'S BOSS, SHE MAY BE SMALL, BUT SHE BEATS THEM UP.... WISSS!!

(Quick slap)

...EVEN THO' SHE CAN'T MIAOUX PROPERLY...

ONE DAY. JASPER HAD A WET DREAM.... FIRST, HE BEGAN THRUSTING.... THEN HIS BOLLOX STARTED TWITCHING.... THEN, SPUNK FLEW ACROSS THE ROOM.... SQUIRT!!

(sitting in armchair)



...THEN HE WOKE UP & LICKED HIS KNOB.

(and we did naught but laugh.)

ANIMAL HAIR

THOUGH, IS THE SCOURGE. NAY. THE BANE. OF ZINE WRITERS. WHY DO ANIMALS HAVE NO SENSE OF PROPRIETY. THEY JUST SIT & MOULT ANYWHERE.

...WORK CAN BE PRODUCED WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS....

IS PAPER SUCH AN ATTRACTIVE BEDDING MATERIAL?

I WAGE A NEVER-ENDING WAR AGAINST HAIR. I FIND THEM IN FOOD, IN EVERYTHING, & WHAT'S THE POINT IN HOOVERING WHEN IT JUST COMES BACK AGAIN?!

...AS SYLVIA PLATH SAID IN THE BELL JAR, I JUST WANT TO DO THINGS ONCE & THEN HAVE DONE WITH IT....

BUT FUCKIN ANIMALS

GRRR!

Bristle bristle

ALWAYS SIT ON IT + LEAVE THEIR FUCKIN STOOPID FUCKIN HAIRS!! GRRRRR...

- the original negative cat -

- A PHOTO OF SOOTY - (out-of-focus coz she never sits still)

Berlin on a college trip, March, here are the photos. I expected a grey, imposing, intimidating place but it wasn't, nor was it that bustly, or teaming with crusties leaping out from every orifice as I had been led to believe- it seemed pretty mellow, relaxed and together- there's more jitters in Sheffield it would seem.

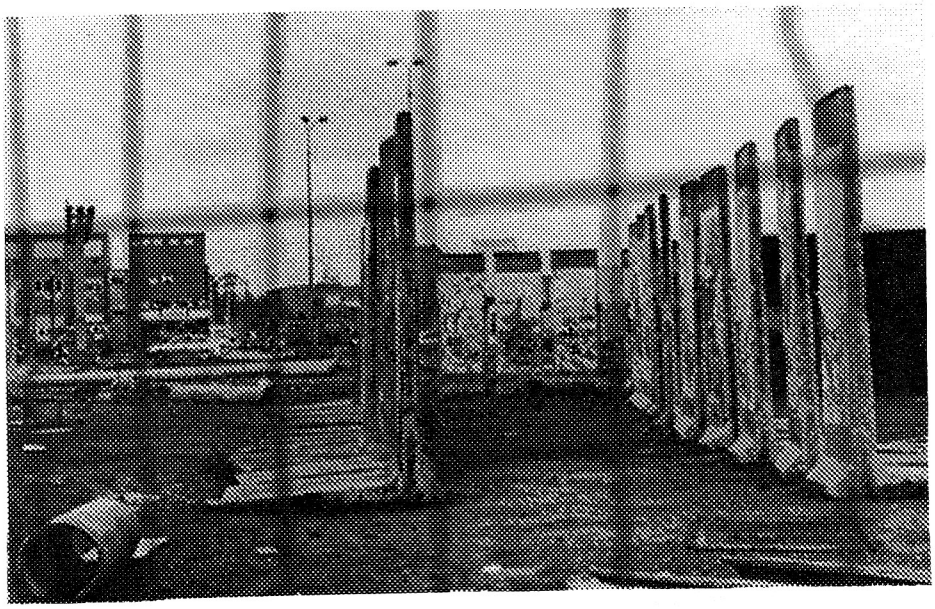
The kids all wear these rucksacks, they're mad, huge things, cost about £25, I saw em in a shop; they all have them and look like they're gonna topple over with the weight. They have flashy/ reflective things on the back, homing devices perhaps.

-I saw 3 skins in my 5 days, 2 one after the other just as I entered the east part for the first time, thought- so this is the east, on my own, shitting it, paranoid he was following me into this shop.

-The shops. Nettos and Aldis are the poshest supermarkets here. I bought big bags of paprika crisps (staple diet of brit vegans in Europe!) and sampled banana jam, yummm...

I got the underground back to the hostel one evening, these 2 buskers got on the tube, they looked so funny and out of time or context with their flares, his guitar, her tambourine; they sang "I can see clearly now," with crap German accents but I was happy and they made me smile.

I tried to find the punky places, I hit out on my own, the alternative areas,

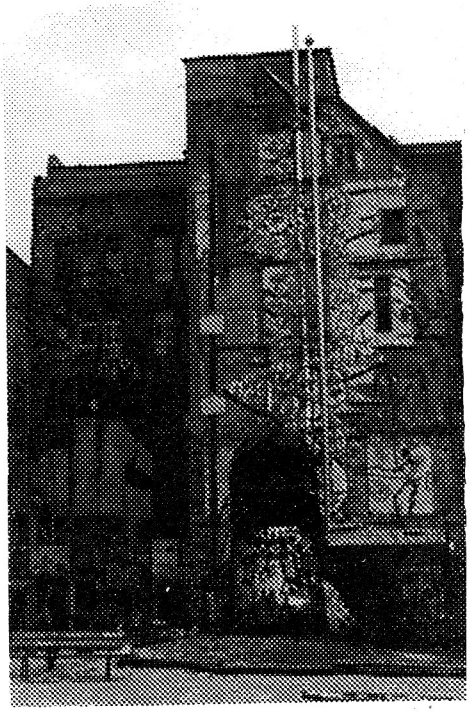


Kreuzberg, Mitte; did the whole sad tourist bit, asked in record shops, followed the German punks in their Isreali P.L.O style scarves; sat in **the Ex,** and **the Kob,** and got all excited walking down **Oranienstrasse** when this car pulled up, Conflict and German anti-fascist stickers on the windows, jam-packed with big mean-looking punks and huge alsatians- it was punk car! I walked further down this street-I liked it, bustling like Dalston High St -it was Punk St!

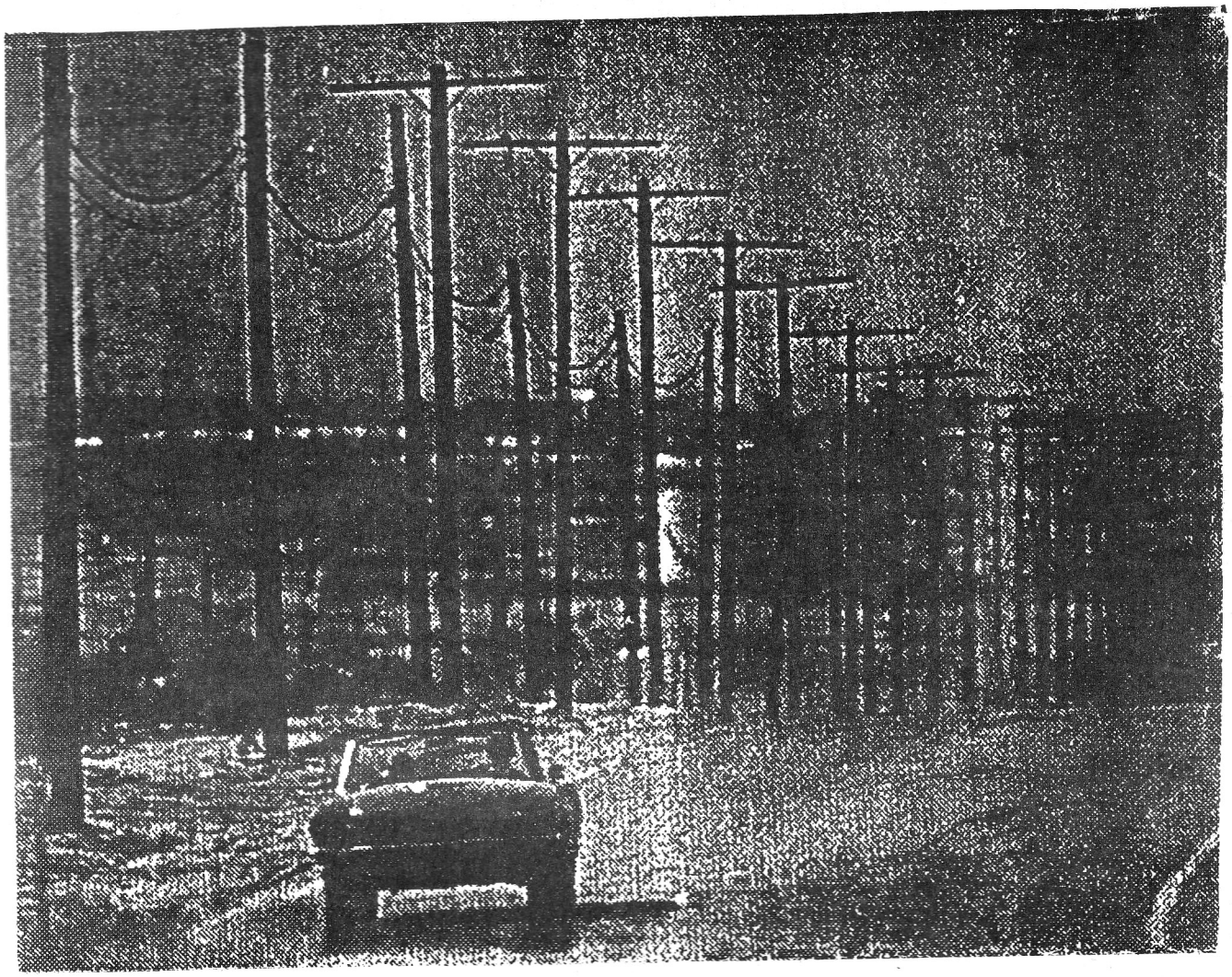
My fantasy woulda been hanging out with Ambush, getting seriously nihilist, but all the bands were playing the following week or soon after; Buzz-oven, Anarcrust, Girls Vs. Boys, Naked Aggression... a pisser, I coulda really seen summat had I been a week later, and made the kids back home seriously jealous... As it was I turned down the coach trip to the concentation camp, maybe one day I'll feel up to going but rolling up in a coach with the rest of my fine art course didn't seem the best way... That South American group that turn up everywhere playing 'traditional Peruvian music' or whatever it is turned up at the Ex when I was there, they're everywhere! How do they manage to be in so many places all the time? Are they following me?

The Wall was just too bizarre for me to get my head round, how it used to totally divide the city just 5 years ago, now just building work remains, it's still somewhat hard to cross, as I found myself moaning about going a bit out of my way, then thought, fuck, people *died* to cross this, it's just too fuckin bizarre... now advertizing billboards go hand in hand with street art proclaiming democracy and freedom of speech- kinda ironic?

One thing that struck me was the way the art and the squatter scene seem to work together, seems to happen a lot of places except fuckin England, is that coz here the art scene's too elitist, or coz the squat scene's not big enough? Or active enough? Like people think by sleeping all day, just coz they're living in a squat, they're being politically active? So my final thoughts came back to how fuckin shit England is. I loved Berlin, with its big dogs everywhere and its history, the pics are grey but it was colourful and exciting and oh-so continental.



GETTING SOMEWHERE GOING NOWHERE



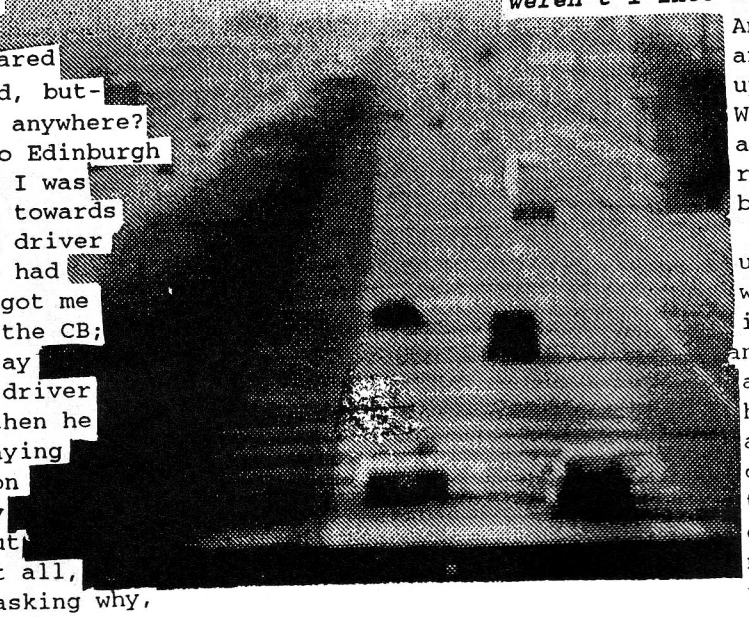
T A L E S

FROM THE ALLEGORICAL ROAD -PLAYING MINDGAMES WITH THOSE IN THE DRIVINGSEAT.

"Hitching on your own's stupid. You don't know what might happen to you. I think you're mad to do it, not unless you get a gun or something and learn how to use it."

-How much do I agree with this statement, said by someone who cared about me? I understand, but- how am I meant to get anywhere?

-I was hitching up to Edinburgh once from Halifax and I was on the M1 going north towards Newcastle, this truck driver gave me a lift and he had the CB radio on, he got me another lift through the CB; and he wanted me to say thanks to this other driver on the CB so I did; then he wanted me to start saying all this other shit on the radio, talk dirty to em kinda thing, but I wasn't into that at all, I wouldn't- he kept asking why, saying it was just a laugh,



weren't I into having a bit of a laugh? Anyhow nowt happened, and then I think I ended up meeting someone at Washington services, and we had to sleep rough in Edinburgh bus station.

This guy pulled up in a van as I was going to Manchester, it was near Oldham and I was with my brother and his girlfriend; he asked me my name and I, thinking nowt of it, told him the truth; then he put his hand on my knee and asked me to give him a smile, why wouldn't I give him a smile, ***ay Jane?***

and I said I was ***happy*** to smile if he took his hand off my knee, and this went on for a while, unsuccessfully for him, until he stopped the van. We were to get out. It hit me suddenly, the realization. You're not playing along with me. No lift. I didn't feel fear or hatred, just a vague shock and a wish to get to Manchester as quick as possible- we took the bus- I just ignored the other two caught up in their own worries; until, that is, a few days later when I got home and it struck me, anger, violence towards this man; and what got to me was that he knew my name, freely divulged in good faith, I imagined him wanking over it. I had given it to him.

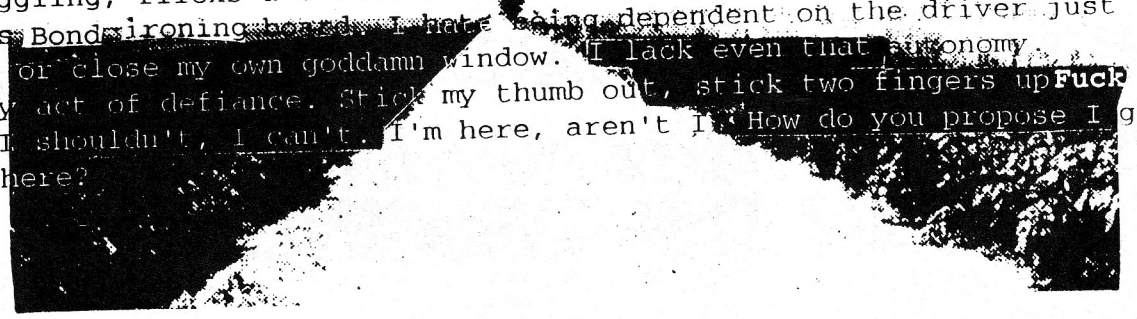
-HOW MUCH OF YOURSELF ARE YOU PREPARED TO GIVE AWAY?-

-I hitched back from Wiltshire the other week. I got sick of telling people I was at university, studying art, what kind of work I did, etc, -I wanted ***DELUSIONS*** and ***FANTASIES.*** I began to think about making a load of stuff up, creating a new me that was more interesting- not to lie to these people, just to make it more interesting for them as well as myself- but I didn't.

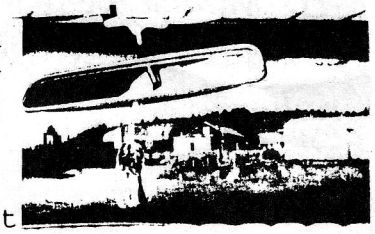
-AM I ASKING FOR IT?-

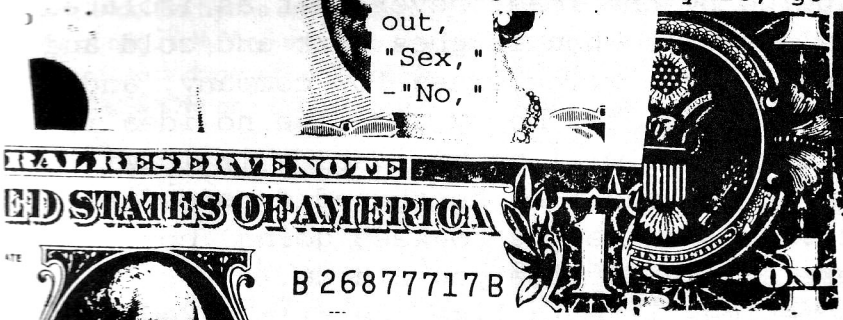
-One thing that really pisses me off is when I want to open or shut the window (I hate the smell of new cars, or clean cars that still smell of the stiff, squeaky upholstery with its plastic covers still on. But I never get carsick in homely, messy cars.) So I look for the handle thing, the thing that moves the window up or down, and I can't find it, coz it's not there. They're fuckin automatic. The driver looks at me struggling, flicks a button and watches me panic as the car turns into a James Bond ironing board. I hate being dependent on the driver just to open or close my own goddamn window. I lack even that autonomy.

-My act of defiance. Stick my thumb out, stick two fingers up **Fuck you** I shouldn't, I can't. I'm here, aren't I? How do you propose I get anywhere?



-Hitching back from Derby, business man in starched, crisp clean shirt, epitomy of order, he asks me as he drops me off on a sliproad, near nowhere except the motorway-, "D'you want to earn a bit of money?" -Doing what, I ask, knowing, but wanting him to say it, go on, spell it out,
"Sex,"
-"No,"





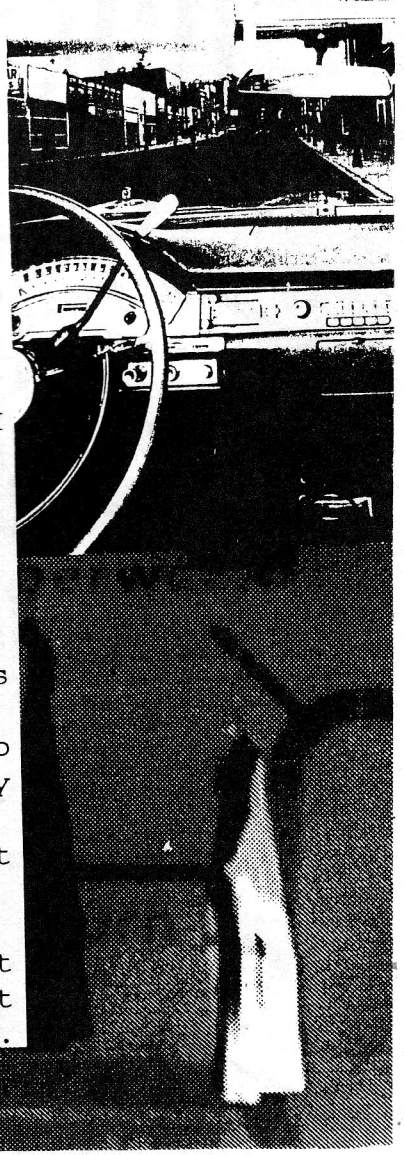
-business man in starched crisp clean shirt, epitomy of order

-why wouldn't I give him a smile, ay?

-You are obscene, **Mr. Shirtsweat.** And I got out and thought, fuck, that's it, the next lift would be it, my mother was right and you were all right and I've learnt my lesson now, I just want like fuck to be home in the warm and the secure, but I'm in the middle of a fuckin motorway with the cars belting by so fast they barely notice me. I had no place to go but to carry on.

I got a lift off a man going to Ashton under Lyne who was concerned about me. "You shouldn't be hitching on your own, you know, it's not safe," he warned me. He told me to take care and gave me an apple and a can of pepsi. I felt guilty for having worried him.

-What if they're cool? They're giving you a chance, **they've put themselves out for you,** and all I can do is be on my guard, see them as potential rapists or psychopaths. I'm grateful, I'm polite. I feel guilty.



TRAVEL T
AND ESSENTIAL IN

-Getting a lift from Sheffield to Halifax. He was a university lecturer who lived in Mirfield, ended up taking me all the way to Sowerby Bridge. Said he knew what it was like for us students, what with them cutting the grants and making us take out loans and all.

-What's your game, ay? AY? You want to know stuff about me, you want to know my name- are you just making conversation? Are you just being polite? And am I just being uptight? You said I had to guess what you lectured in from the way you were dressed but I was in the front seat and I tried not to look too hard, didn't look into your face. It was accountancy.

ving your return journey.
kets are issued and
sengers are carried in
ance with National Express

-He wanted me to talk dirty on the CB radio-

It's all mindgames. Hitching, life. What's the difference. I'm playing mindgames with men in the driving seat. I'm the negation nihilism kid taking risks and playing for excitement. Or maybe I'm trying to get somewhere the only way open to someone without money. I've never felt as scared as I do standing by the road, never felt as isolated and lonely as when it goes dark and cold and I've only the white lines for company, and everything passes me by and I've no idea if the next lift will be my last or if it will come at all and I'll be stranded here forever. But you've got to keep going, coz there's nothing else you can do.

Sometimes life is like the film Naked, which I believe everyone should watch for instructive purposes, to warn and remind them that they've been there too, under those same delusions. There's people running away everywhere you look. And they'll go. Anyway they can.

-He said he knew what it was like for us students, what with them cutting the grants and all-

-"Have you ever seen her like, you know, totally naked?"

"Once.-What's she up to, ay? I mean, what's her game, taunting people in the middle of the night, ay?"

-"She probably gets a kick out of it, like you get a kick out of watching her."

-"I'm doing no such thing."

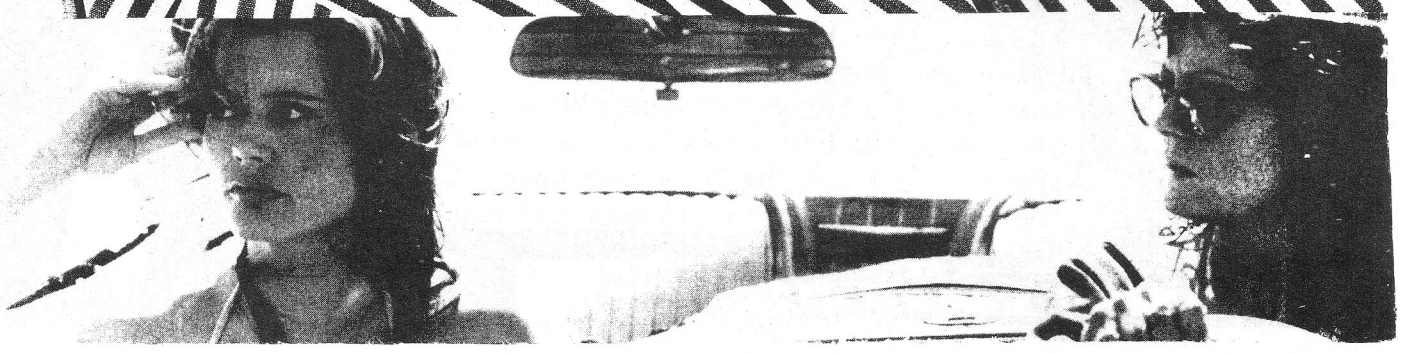
-"Well I am. Have you got a hard-on?"

+"No, I haven't as a matter of fact.

-"You wouldn't tell me if you had,would yer?

+"No, I don't think I would."

-One things for sure, though. A lot of things in life involve a certain degree of prostitution, and I always keep one hand near the door handle, ready to get out while I can.



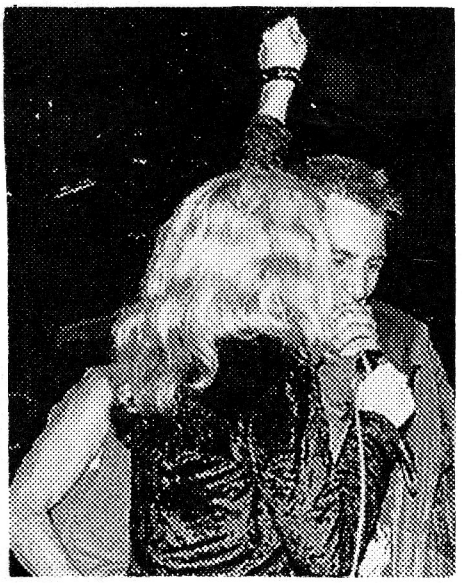
shag stamp night out

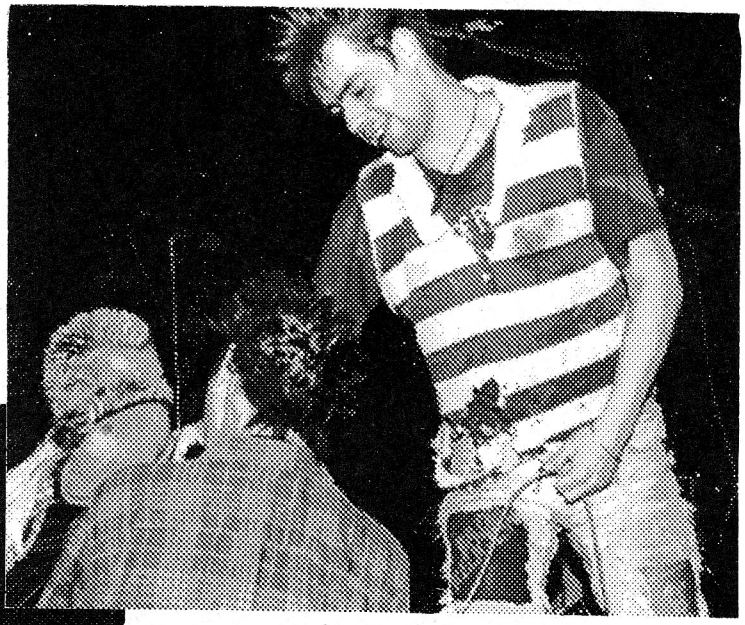
Congratulations! Student and sometimes slack zine mogul **Jane Shag Stamp** (21) of Sheffield, South Yorks, who would describe her complexion as, 'variable', won not one but two(!) hot dates at the 1 in 12 Club in April, escorted by the self-proclaimed king of negativity Anthony P. to witness the punk rock depravity of **NAKED AGGRESSION** and **DROP DEAD** respectively.

We had seen **Drop Dead** at the Royal Park in Leeds the night before to a different crowd, more baggy in their pants and more hardcore than punk. The Saturday started out at Bri's, in his garden, "Call round 1st," he'd said, but he wasn't there, not yet back from bloody Penrith; when he did it was beer and buckets (I wimped out), and try 'n guess the number of the bus coz all 4 of us had crap eyesight. At least it's a nice day, and there's a punk tapping in the centre of town (at 6 when all the shops're shut?) who informs me that someone's already managed to walk into the outside wall and be carted off in an ambulance; as we approach it's punk rock city on Albion St, mohicans and bottles, I'm like, fuck the gig, let's go to Morrissons and hang out with the cider punx! As it turns out I didn't get round to seeing any of the bands (I only went for the crack anyhow); I had a chat, coupla pints, promised Bri I'd sell some Embittered LPs for a pint ("having tits helps you sell zines at gigs"?) but only got it together to look after em for him, hung out in the caf, couple more pints probablys, sold some zines and all of a sudden it was after 11. I managed to witness 2 minutes of Drop Dead before it was last train time and ended up back in Pudsey. What I've emitted or gleaned from gossip afterwards was lotsa arguments, storming about, glasses been thrown outta windows, pissed punx, "Are you looking at my bird?", and people getting chucked downstairs, stress and folk losing it... Me, I just chilled outside with beer and smokes.

-Having not been to a gig for a gig's sake for too long I was determined to actually see the band this time, I'd heard good things about **Naked Aggression** and liked their E.P. I'd heard. With this in mind it was soap in the hair, and I brought along a camera and black and white film, zines to flog and enough pennies to both pay in downstairs, rejoin and drink copiously. We arrived early to 'make a day of it' and have a game of pool while it was still quiet. As coquettishly as ever I allowed myself to be beaten (the biggest flirt around with a pool cue, according to Liz), but at least I didn't have to drop my pants, the penalty for leaving 7 balls on the table... The interview with **Nerves** Anthony had set up went well I thought, though that kinda thing's foreign to me; live, Nerves had a good sound and played a stormin' set, jumping about enjoying their sens and pullling all manner of facial expressions... "This song's about me, so's the next one and the one after that," explained singer Lee, well, fair enough, nowt like honesty...

-I passed on **Contempt**, so you'll just have to imagine(!); - as for Naked Aggression, without the female vocals and the party atmosphere they wouldn't have been that much more than standard ploddy punk, but with it being all sing alonga pass the mike stuff it was a real good do- the atmosphere was so much more relaxed than Drop Dead. Yeah, I'm a sucker for a Kim Wilde cover too... Singer Kristen didn't look like the frontspiece of a punk band, with velvetty top and proper shoes, but whilst it's not my cup o'tea I like to see stereotypes being challenged... The kids, though, had mohicans and spikey hair but that night there was no gumby crap, though I feel N. Aggression may have been somewhat misguided in dedicating a song to all the Manchester punks sent down for the stupid shit that happened at last year's punx picnic in the city centre there... -Anyhow, nuff of that, it were one of the best gigs I've been to for a while!





STRIPPING FOR MONEY

(AND FOR ART)

"I'm not interested in your breasts, *your lips, eyes, back or neck. It's a shape that started millions of years ago that is inside you now... I don't care about the bones fitting together. I'd like to turn you inside out, completely wreck your body and start with just a pile of atoms, and then I would rebuild it as it should be, with on pretence, no consciousness..."* *(quote from arty French film* ***La Belle Noiseuse).***

I have a punk as fuck job. I'm a life model, and I love it. I love it because I get paid well and treated with respect, unlike, say, bar work or waitressing, which, if an analogy with prostitution is to be made, I would say would be nearer to the mark. As someone pretty narcissistic anyhow I don't mind saying I get quite a buzz from it. I like a bit of theatricality in my life- I take off my gown (or oversize cardy, in my case) and take to the 'stage', the raised plinth I pose on, and in that sense it is like performing. On the first few occasions I never looked at the artists, I just fixed my eyes on a particular spot, scrutinizing the dirt on the floor until I got to know the details and paint splodges in finely combed detail.

Why should I be ashamed? Do you really think that it's like stripping? I don't think it is. I get paid for using my body, but what's wrong with that? They're not drawing me, they're not really drawing a body, they're looking at lines, shapes, tones, textures; I may as well be a still life except that, as I remember from being on the other side of the canvas, a body is more exciting, it moves and tenses and engages and, if they do happen to get off on it, is that really the end of the world?

-I get a buzz from looking the way I do and expecting them to draw me and accept me like that; dreads, piercings, tattoos, the lot. A lot of retired and middle-aged people come to 'my' classes, and a lot of them don't act as conservative as you might expect; one woman said to me at the end of a session, "My son's got hair just like yours, I think it's beautiful," -another guy must be in his '80s, he was telling me during the break about how he first started life drawing during WWII when he was a refugee, he was interned he said, and he had all his pictures confiscated and then returned several years later in brown envelopes marked "Ministry of Information, Ministry of Defence". Semi naked I just nodded, kinda lost for words.

-And even when I'm lying down and they're above me, even with my head tumbling off the cushions so I feel half upside down, I still feel in control, coz if I got up and left, they'd have nothing to draw. Though I'm given a rough guideline by the tutor working that session who decides the duration and whether it's standing, sitting, etc, it's really up to me to choose my own poses, or 'attitudes' (that's what famous artist's models took up!); one of my faves is reclining a la Boucher (see pic), though I'm game for anything and one tutor's had me walking down steps (after Duchamp's Nude Descending a Staircase, apparently) and draped over stepladders with a dressing gown hanging open! They tell me to, 'act natural,' but sometimes I don't want to act natural- I'm sick of being myself!

-But I 've not always been so cool about it; I was 19 when I first went to a life class, and nervous as hell about drawing a naked person. At the age of 20, I drew my first male nude and couldn't help but have ridiculous thoughts come flying into my head; here was this guy full on facing me, looking really tense and embarrassed, and all I could think was, "draw his dick bigger, poor thing," -where did that thought come from? I was worldly, mature, artistic- but there it was, as I glossed over her genitalia as quickly as possible and attempted to avoid eye contact.

But, as I got used to this initially bizarre situation, I used to enjoy life drawing. My first model I had was cool- she would be reclining in a classical pose, when, suddenly, she'd be, like, "Sorry about this," and spit her chuddy out onto the plinth she was lying on, hardly Venus de Milo behaviour! She'd lie there, supposedly vulnerable in her nakedness, and slag us off individually for being 'Guardian readers' as we battled with lines and shadows.

The first time I ever modelled was for my teacher ('Leeds Fine Art Society') on my previous course. She offered me the job because, "she knew I needed the money and I had interesting hair"; I was to be a 'costume model' for the day- I was disappointed when I realized that a costume model was simply a clothed, as opposed to a nude, model. I wanted to wear a costume- I had visions of period drama outfits- so it was kind of a let down!

-I guess I get nervous about some things, though less since the first time, refusing to eat beforehand in case I farted, and neurotically scrutinizing my body after a bath for spots and scabs and bruises which had suddenly, mysteriously, appeared. They point their pencils at me with eyes half closed, measuring my proportions, but I don't mind- though it's kinda weird to feel like you may as well be a bowl of fruit. I'm off on my daydreams, sometimes I'm half asleep and feel my head judder as I reawake. Often I can't be arsed to cover myself up during the break, it's a hassle coz they've seen it all anyway, but I must, coz it's social convention- and conversation's limited (I never used to talk to the models either, 'the artists' are probably more embarrassed than I am). At first all they seemed to

No. 262

No. 266
Muscular detail in full

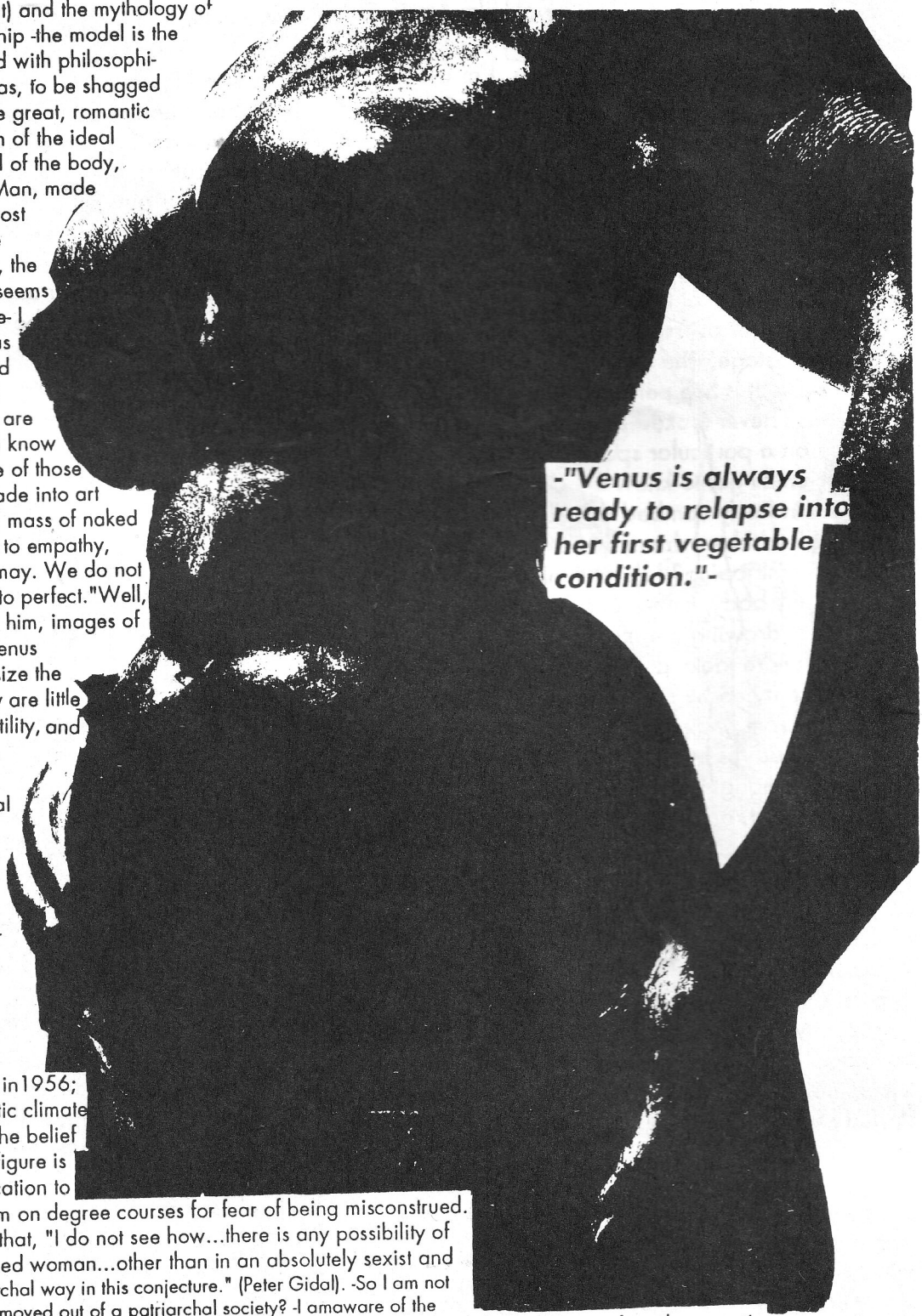
No. 265
Unnatural pose

No. 264
Deformed waist

say to me stuff like, "Oh, I couldn't do your job," which makes me feel odd, there's no answer, is there? And it's contrived, they've seen me nude but cannot converse. No-one's sure what kind of power relationship's going on and they're scared of getting the balance wrong. So I just look at their pictures, some are good and I want to take them home; some make me laugh; some have caught me spot on; some look nowt like me.

"The female body has become the field upon which the aspirations, anxieties and contradictions of a whole society are played out... a truth that must be written in the flesh." (from the back of a library book.)

-That's kind of a big thing to live up to, having all those great metaphysical and romantic ideals attached to what is, after all, just a body, and my body at that. As I read books on the nude I see that there are 2 things going on; the reality and the mythology. The mythology of the 'Ideal in art' (the sub-title for Kenneth Clark's 'The Nude', considered the authority on the subject) and the mythology of the artist/ model relationship -the model is the artist's muse to be wrestled with philosophically as much as the canvas, to be shagged as well as painted in some great, romantic struggle for truth. The myth of the ideal is equally lofty; the legend of the body, like de Vinci's Vetruvian Man, made up from the parts of the most beautiful women to create perfection. Kenneth Clark, the more I read, the more it seems he hated the human figure- I quote, "...anyone who has frequented art schools and seen the shapeless, pitiful model which the students are industriously drawing will know that... the body is not one of those subjects which can be made into art by direct transcription...a mass of naked figures does not move us to empathy, but to disillusion and dismay. We do not wish to imitate, we wish to perfect."Well, cheers, Ken, for that! For him, images of women are of 2 kinds -Venus Naturalis, which emphasize the female attribute until they are little more than symbols of fertility, and Celestial Venus, in which the human body has, "undergone a geometrical discipline"; women look like potatoes, he reckons; "The shape to which the female body tends to return is one which emphasizes its biological functions; "Venus is always ready to relapse into her first vegetable condition."



'The Nude' was written in1956; we live in a different artstic climate now. We've come from the belief that studying the female figure is indispensable to art education to a reluctance in using them on degree courses for fear of being misconstrued. I read in feminist books that, "I do not see how...there is any possibility of using the image of a naked woman...other than in an absolutely sexist and politically repressive patriarchal way in this conjecture." (Peter Gidal). -So I am not to use my body until we've moved out of a patriarchal society? -I amaware of the problems, but to be honest an adult education life-class worked on a drop-in basis is a long way away from the romantic genius slaving away in his garret on a personal struggle. Do I feel elevated, an artist's muse? Do I feel uplifted from

the cheap, the voyeuristic or pornagraphic to the aesthetic by "high art"? -Um, no, not really. Some days I've got a hangover or a bit of a cold or just a bad mood (most days, actually); and I think- I don't feel very aesthetic today.

A history of the lives of models digs up some interesting characters, some of whom built cults around the fame they received as models, some rumoured to be witches or murderers, others fathering illegitimate children as they pose for madonna and child images, the model of purity and innocence. Most seem like strong independent women who opted for bohemian lifestyles in conventional eras, who didn't have it easy. While Manet's paintings "Dejeuner sur l'Herbe" and "Olympia" probably fetch millions now, Victorine Meurend, the woman who posed for them both was slated for her nudity- "She might have got away with it if she was looking like she was getting into a Roman bath and wearing the blank expression which marks the whole difference between 'Nude in art' and the woman next door without her clothes on," and "There she lies disgustingly exposed, not as a pitiful whore, but as a triumphant and successful prostitute." Alas for Victorine, she never posed nude again. Manet discovered Victorine after he'd been using a 24 hour studio for the convenience of artists who felt like working odd hours, drawing models who had nowhere to live but the studio they were working in at the time. Known as 'studio rats', they also did odd jobs, not even aspiring to sleep with the artist.

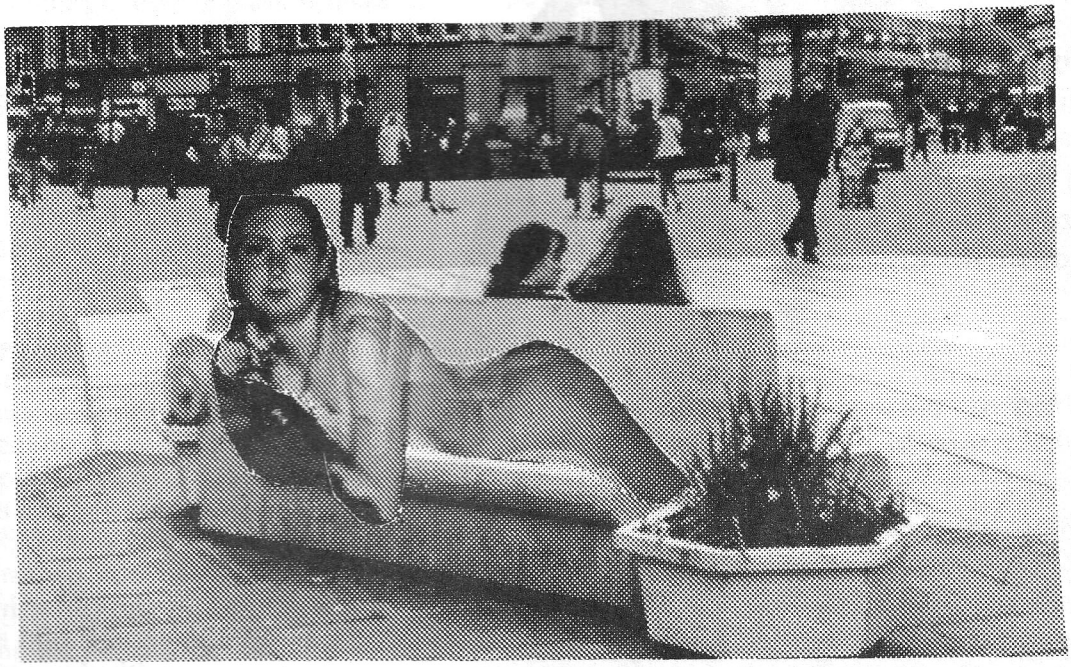
Over the centuries it has been both a respected and disgraced profession. In 17th century France, Nude modelling was illegal except at the Royal Academy of Painting, and had to be done clandestinely. "Back street life classes" doesn't really have that ring to it.

-If an analogy with prostitution is to be made, I would say waitressing would be nearer the mark-

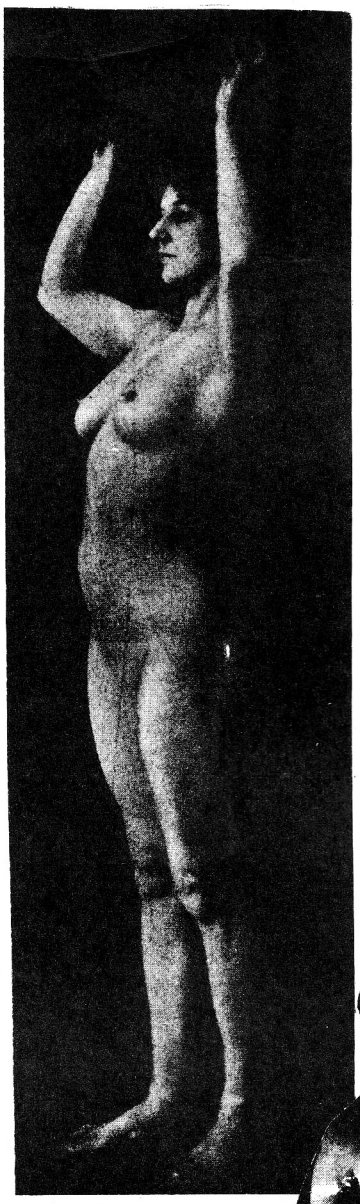
In Victorian England the artist's model had a very poor reputation -you really had fallen on hard times, no better than a common prostitute. Then, after the 2nd world war times had changed and models were sick of art for art's sake. They demanded rights- with a postwar fuel shortage, in 1946 Paris they demanded a 'gooseflesh bonus' to compensate for cold conditions and threatened strike action. In London, a trade union was founded for rest periods, dressing rooms and a standard rate of pay.

"There she lies disgustingly exposed, not as a pitiful whore, but as a triumphant and successful prostitute"-

The mythology, as in all myths, has its roots in bullshit but has its moments. Art books are always good for a laugh if taken with a pinch of salt. One book quoted some 'D.I.Y. lifedrawing' mags which talked about the ideal life model as having, "a well proportioned body, normal breasts, not large ones but preferably small, and powerful hips and thighs." A book which says bleached blonde hair is the realm of bad taste goes on to discuss painting nipples- "Don't paint them in some sweet pink and avoid detail. That would attract attention, suggesting the kind of cheap erotic quality that is least desireable," and, "It is usually best for the models to wear a minimum of make-up. In general, avoid <u>all</u> kinds of exaggeration. A nude figure in a natural, relaxed, harmonious pose is *inherently* beautiful."



After Boucher: Venus in Fargate, Sheffield, 1995

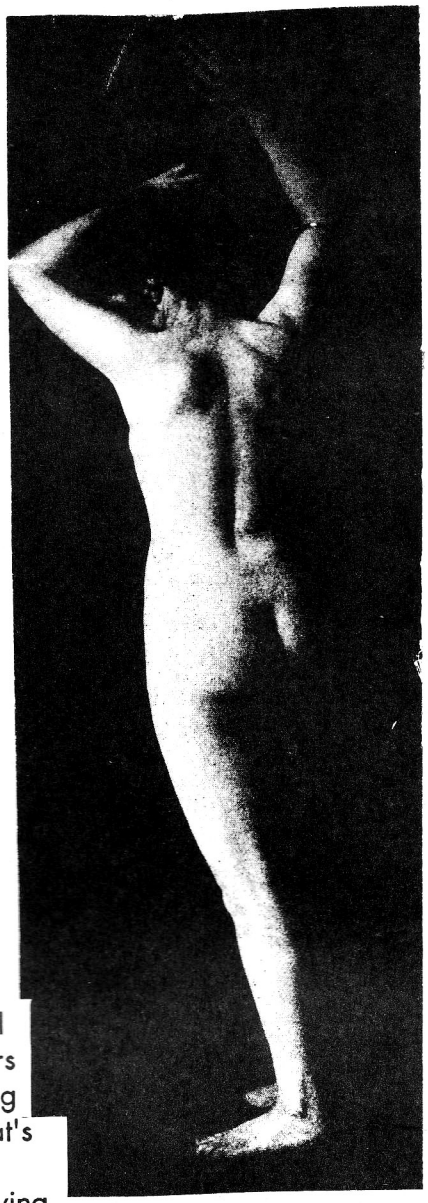


MODEL NO. 5.

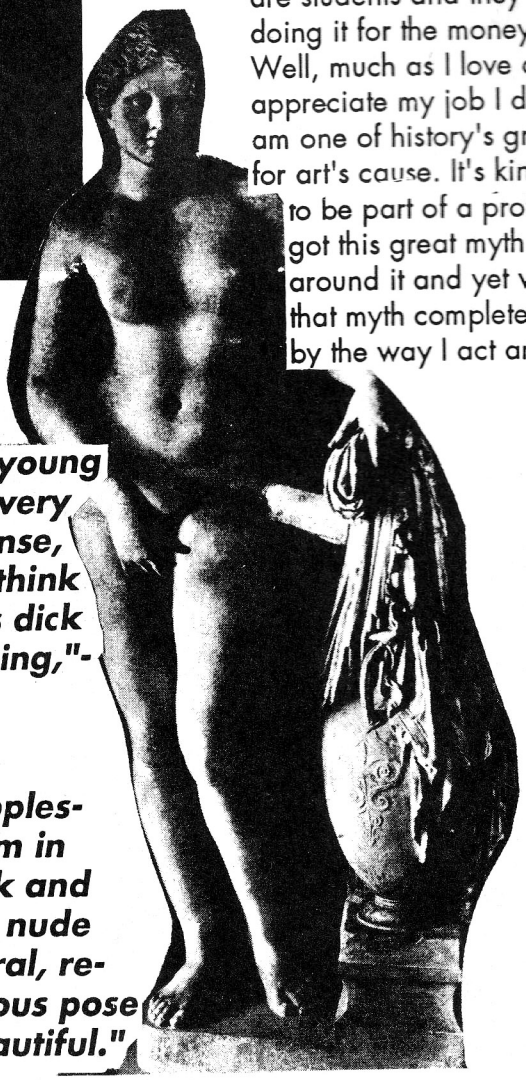
So, save your tits for page 3; they'd have a heart attack, those blokes, if they saw me, off on 'planet art'.

-What is 'obscene', anyway? These people are so caught up in a battle to differentiate between naked and nude, the body 'clothed' in art and 'reformed'. Porn = mass- produced, mass culture, new, cheap. Art= unique, valuable and marked with an aura of age. How do I fit into this? Do I care which side of the fence I end up on? When I read that both art and medicine scrutinize the female body, don't motives come into it? And control?

In the end it's just a job- one which pays better than shit factory work and which I'm able to do. My boss told me people say funny things to her, they complain because, "the models are students and they're only doing it for the money," (??) Well, much as I love art and appreciate my job I don't think I am one of history's great martyrs for art's cause. It's kinda exciting to be part of a profession that's got this great myth built up around it and yet while enjoying that myth completely negating it by the way I act and look; I don't believe that by covering their bodies in sack cloths women will help their cause; modelling has enabled me to achieve greater confidence and power about myself and my body.



MODEL NO. 3.



64. After Praxiteles. *c.* 350 B.C. Cnidian Venus

-Here was this young bloke, looking very nervous and tense, and all I could think was, "draw his dick bigger, poor thing,"-

-On painting nipples- "Don't paint them in some sweet pink and avoid detail... a nude figure in a natural, relaxed, harmonious pose is <u>inherently</u> beautiful."

"16 easels gathered round. The coal-breathing professor gave his disciples a short briefing... I, Oscar, he maintained, was the shattered image of man, an accusation, a challenge, timeless yet expressing the madness of our century. In conclusion he thundered over the easels; "I don't want you to sketch this cripple, this freak of nature. I want you to slaughter him, crucify him, to nail him to your paper with charcoal!" ***(The Tin Drum, Gunter Grass).***

feminism and pornography

I first decided I wanted a piece on pornography and its relation to feminism when I heard of the existence of **Feminists Against Censorship** and discovered an alternative to what seems like the 'accepted voice' of feminism crying out at pornography as violence to women which must be banned. I'd been at the Anarchy in the U.K festival in October and much of the mentions of anarcho-feminist groups in the bulletin seemed to go hand in hand with anti-pornography demonstrations. Oh, if only I'd been to the Smut fest, perhaps I'd have seen some more imaginative and stimulating activity... The article was also prompted by the lack of reasoned debate I've come across in zines etc- polarities and over simplification, blanket statements like 'pornography= violence against women' is not enough. Blaming strippers outright for abused and battered women 'while they strip for fat cash' is too simple an argument for me- so, also, is the flirting, coy imagery of riot grrrls glamourizing their idols with past occupations as 'erotic dancers'- I don't see that in itself as relevant.

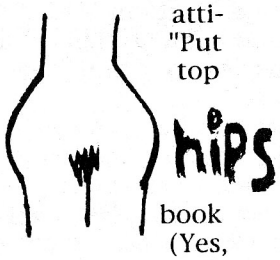
-So, I had opted for my right to sit on the fence in a grey and confusing area riddled with ambivalence and emotion, until I actually began reading more on the issue. Reading 2 books by Feminists Against Censorship helped to clarify my opinions and give you back the wood. Why had I before hand decided that whilst, of course, I was anti-censorship, pornography was something I'd rather disappeared? (Fuckin liberal...) I think I'd just assumed, even with near non-existent exposure to the subject, that as a 'feminist' *of course* I would find it degrading. I just swallowed the rhetoric without even realizing it, I guess I'd heard it often enough. It doesn't help when the definition of porn has been altered so much recently it has come to mean something violent and repulsive by very definition. I guess my main arguments would 've been- coz it shows sex as how men, and not women see it, women being the objects for men; coz the actors aren't in control.

and the men in suits get the profits, and coz it's just for sad people who can't get a shag (I did used to have a problem with blokes wanking, don't ask me why!) ...Now, I'm not saying any of these arguments are coherent, they're gut reactions to a topic I knew little about... The more I read and saw, the more logical and in line with what I really thought seemed the anti- censorship argument. Perhaps I should've stopped acting how I thought feminists should act, and more how I wanted.

'Selfishness' is considered the 'greatest of female sins', and as feminists we should destroy that myth- I quote from "Bad Girls and Dirty Pictures"- "Sex for pleasure is treated as a male vice and women who like sex are written off as being 'male identified', ie, we are presumed to be expressing their sexuality rather than our own. In either case, the sexually expressive woman is always seen as the victim of male propoganda and male violence. Pornography- the image of women enjoying sex- is seen as the purveyor of this message. The truth is that pornography contains many messages- messages which are in direct conflict with each other unless it is understood that human beings are many and varied and our fantasies are not necessarily consistent with a single stereotype of male/ female roles."

-That kinda sums it up for me. I don't want to protect children or 'corruptable minds' from certain images- in Victorian times, that list would've extended to women.. People -'who' is decided by those in charge- that are 'easily led' are 'protected', then lack the autonomy needed to stand up against real abuse. Women who've elected themselves to protect us all from filth, we're victims but we don't know it, who want to see sex packed away, sex in the dark where it's 'tender and private'.

Anti pornography literat- seems to have this patronizing attitude of, "Put it on the top shelf, we don't want to see it," -One book I read (Yes, I did read some anti-porn stuff too), said at the beginning of the essay, "Analyzing this trend has meant some reproduction of the language of porn. This, I've been sorry to do." -Stop being so coy! It reminds me of little girls illicitly peering at their big brother's porn mags. If there's something out there which is demeaning, I'd like to see it. I'd like to make my own mind up, not have it made up for me. If we continue to see ourselves as passive victims, we will see no change. Intellectual women continue to patronize their 'sisters' who, though they don't realize it, have been driven into their jobs by economics, low self-esteem, lack of education... not to mention the ones who 'should know better,' who are 'selling out their entire gender, just for money.' Or good old Andrea Dworkin, who just talks of 'vile whores'. Surely all women deserve rights, coz don't tell me there aren't bar jobs, office jobs, media jobs, the list goes on and on, which sell sex in one way or another and 'objectify' women (another word flung around so much it has become meaningless). -All jobs are obscene. Working fuckin all hours on hands and knees for fuck all in crappy uniforms is demeaning, it's soul destr-



'selfishness is considered the greatest of female sins'

-The definition of porn has come to mean something violent and repulsive by very definition-

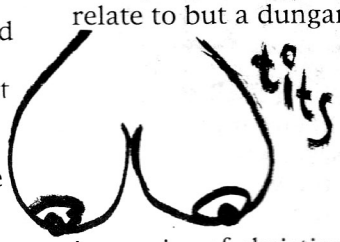
oying. You can say you only blame the educated women with these jobs, but how else do you pay for education? With a job that gives you no time to study, that leaves your brain like a dead cabbage?

Effects studies into the link between pornography and violence, like all such effects studies, have proved unreliable and inconclusive. Correlations only **suggest** links, they can't show direct causes, and anyway 'adverse effects' of exposure to porn, apparently, include things like- less faith in the act of marriage; less wish to have children; a belief that the repression of sexual desire is unhealthy. Would **you** call them adverse effects? They also showed people's conservative attitudes beforehand seemed a key factor in whether they would be violent after exposure to porn..

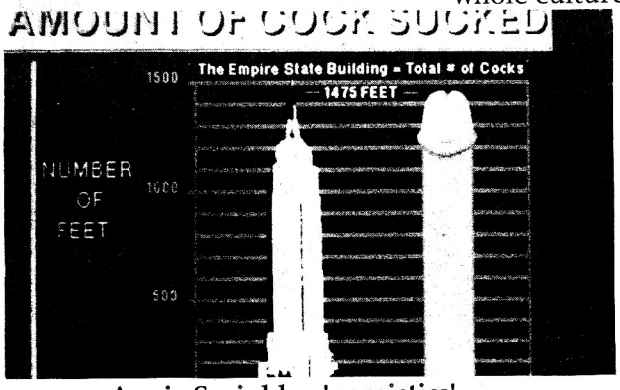
The actual 'porn' we're allowed to see in this uptight country easily and accessibly is the most highly standardized, with a limited repertoire of plots and poses, chosen to sell but still be acceptable legally. They're churned out with little or no imagination, like Athena posters of girls smoking spliffs with their knickers showing. Perhaps if more women had access to both produce and view sexual stuff, it wouldn't be so boring....

right to dominate women in all areas of life, and specifically have rights to harrass and molest us sexually, didn't initilally come from pornography."

-When sex and male desire are couched in violent, misogynist terms, I see not a feminism I can relate to but a dungareed stereotype. My own definitions of obscene do not lie here. They lie with the hypocrisy of christian guilt- yeah, there's pornography and masochism there with the crucifixes and flagellation, we've built our whole culture upon a religion founded upon guilt and shame of the flesh, a neurotic shroud of sin for centuries has tainted our view of what is 'obscene'. A worrying trend of a virginity cult springs up, amongst 'alternative culture' I found the quote, "To embody and enact a consistent and all the way feminism you have to be a heretic, a deviant, an undomesticated female, an impossible being, you have to be a virgin," - We don't live in an era when being a nun is the only way out for a woman to keep her independence, thank fuck- I really don't care if anyone's a virgin or not, but to eligize it as something 'empowering' is out of touch with reality when women need to wake up and start fighting.



"We don't want the same oppressive culture without the pornography,"



Annie Sprinkle:- 'pornistics'.

-Much porn **is** sexist. It's made for and by men in a sexist and patriachal culture, but it is **not** specific to the genre- it should be tackled like everything else, with the same criticism afforded to television or films- criticism being an important part of feminism and of free speech.

-Another quote from FAC.. "We don't want the same oppressive culture without the pornography; the sets of ideas that encourage men to believe that they have the right to dominate women in all areas of life, and specifically have rights to harrass and molest us sexually, didn't initilally come from pornography."

I want to start fighting for positive things. Sex as positive, not just 'tender, private' sex, but messy, sleazy, noisy sex too. I think your bourgeous values and aspirations are obscene- engagement, marriage, living together, sharing money, promoting supposed alternatives but craving a middle age of *Good Housekeeping* and those lovely dips from *Marks and Spencers*... If viewing porn makes you less likely to believe in the myth of *Mills & Boon*, marriage and 2 kids and a lifetime of monogamy, then keep on viewing...

-At least today people like Feminists Against Cansorship, Annie Sprinkle and Tuppy Owens are getting heard praising sex.. We need imaginative, exciting people like Kathy Acker and Karen Finley, who get dismissed as 'pornographers', the new dirty word. Most porn isn't big money Hollywood style sex and glamour, but it is merely images. When you see violence in a horror film, do you always belive it's real? When there's real shit going on in the world, why waste your energies on a bunch of images?

-FURTHER READING:-

"Bad Girls and Dirty Pictures- The Challenge to Reclaim Feminism"- Allison Assiter and Avedon Carol, (eds), Pluto Press.

"Pornography and Feminism- the Case Against Censorship" Gillian Rodgerson and Elizabeth Wilson (eds);

"Nudes, Prudes and Attitudes," (New Clarion Press)

(All these by F.A.C, and they can be contacted at- BM Box 207, London WC1N 3XX. Also recommended- Angry Women (Re/Search), Angela Carter's The Sadeian Woman and owt on Annie Sprinkle!

"They would come to my performances, I saw them come, Scotland Yard. I was given a way out, that I could perform if I didn't take my clothes off- or I could take my clothes off- I could do a strip show- but I couldn't talk. **There's a law in London that a woman cannot talk while she is taking her clothes off."** -U.S. perfomance artist **Karen Finley**

obscenity

I could make you laugh or cry with the obscene- inanimate objects in my anus; eating out my lover with a finger up her ass; but I digress. 'Obscene' to me is akin to such words as 'disgusting', 'filthy', et al that I associate with unashamedly frigid moralists the world over. The word never crosses my lips, and if it does it is in mockery of the afore-mentioned people who sadly seem to be in positions of authority the world over.

In the U.S. certain states can put you in jail if you're caught performing fellatio or sodomy with someone.

Here, I would consider it obscene if I went to bed at the end of the day and realised I had not learned anything constructive that day. Every morning I get up and see the MOST IGNORANT MAN INTHE WORLD in the bathroom mirror. It is true. 6 feet tall, unshaven, excessively hairy and with an early morning erecton I see not myself, but an ape look back at me....

A certain writer hounded by moralists most of his life stated that the literature of the future will be mostly autobiographical in content. This ties in with the subtle, hidden 'obscene' fact that despite people becoming ever more selfish, MOST PEOPLE ARE NOT SELFISH enough. They blur their worldview and needs to the most easily attainable things- material goods, money, etc.. Were I to use the word 'obscene' it would be at those people who KNOW THAT THEIR LIVES ARE IMPOTENT, DULL AND FUTILE BUT WHO DO NOTHING TO PREVENT IT...

I never have nor never will consider myself superior or inferior to anyone. People who see others as mere 'sheep', 'idiots', 'thick' et al have the utmost contempt from me. We are all alike. In more ways than you can imagine.. Believe me. You can work shop all you like, it's not for me. I'm the guy in the department store beating off on the spur of the moment. I only entered the store as I was following a schoolgirl around for a while and needed relief. But again, I digress.

Obsenity is 2-fold. The hateful looks my appearance gets lets me know something, Mr. Angry middle aged man. You hate me. I am young, I am potent, I'm under the thumb of no-one- boss, spouse or the big one- LIFE. You're weighed down by shopping bags, children and the biggest obscenity of them all- you DO NOTHING TO PREVENT IT. Glimmers of freedom beckons at night, change tease you in dreams- but the torrents of guilt ~~drown~~ ~~you daily~~. I know. I am a child, I have seen MY parents. Guilt is always Christian, buddy.

"IF IT FEELS GOOD, DO IT. IF YOU WANT IT, TAKE IT."

-Craig Anderson/ 25 Claremont St/ Aberdeen/AB1 6QQ/ SCOTLAND.

porn

I first watched a porn flick when I was 8 or 9 years old with 2 friends of round about the same age. The 3 of us stared at the T.V. overwhelmed in a mix of excitement and disbelief as these men and women in pairs or in groups just fucked and fucked away like tomorrow was never gonna come. I remember totally shitting myself when these mad guys started to shoot their loads into the mouths and onto the tits of the women who were wailing greatly as they were eclipsed in sexual bliss. I must have thought they weren't really fucking or something...

I have never really been into porn of any sort or type. Maybe's only slightly when I had first fucked someone as sex was like a brand new toy (which I soon became bored with). I could get a pretty decent kick out of porn then as all that fucking business was pretty new to me.

What's happened to the good old days of underage sex, booze and fags? Where a fuck was just a fuck and whatever the outcome was you could fuck someone new the next time you got your end away. What's happened to the good old days of teenage sex?

I don't watch or read any porn now really as it just pisses me off as sex for me just seems to have disappeared into thin air. It just seems to me that you've got to be or pretend to be a feminist these days to get a fuck. Maybe that's why? Probablys.

-Michael J. Voorhees

sexual food

-Already a convert to the delights of suggestive eating, stoned eating and, well, eating, I was looking forward to indulging in the pleasures of a **sexual food night** and whatever decadent debauch such indulgencies might offer. On arriving at the place of such entertainment, cheap wine in hand (preferring the stuff that tastes like pop) I and fellow indulger were led into a comfortable looking room spread with floor cushions and filled with a low table of momentous lenght, a veritable altar upon which to languish in such acts, decked with nibbles and condiments (roll the word off your tongue and consider the nature of its sound- condi-ments;) candles and with music, yes, perhaps of the dance variety, but ambient enough to add rather than detract from the surroundings. I found my hostesses, Mss Ophelia Crumpet and Candice Bun awash with food in the kitchen, with such mouth-watering aromas arising from it, and in host mood, anxious to please, excited at the sight of such feasting and unable to sit still and contain themselves.

Oh! With such a banquet washed down with wine and coffee and smokes, civilized surroundings, indeed, but I found myself letharged and inactive, unable to conduct the full interview I'd hoped with my hostesses. What exactly was the process of sexual food?

Miss Crumpet (to paraphrase)- the processes are the same, twinned. After eating you have to lie back, post-coital like, unable to move, with tender yet contented stomach, all tingly, too full and tired and hot and excited having satiated the appetite. Then you find room for more, and begin again.

-And afters we had, later, fruit crumble and custard, thick, gloopy custard, huge portions which proved too much for me. Physically impossible I might add, for there is no guilt in sexual food.

I asked Mss Bun and Crumpet if being vegan ever proved a drawback? Tonight's proceedings pointed to quite the opposite, as all services had been completely vegan, but had not lacked in sensuality. We agreed that vegan food, like good sex, just requires a little more imagination and ingenuity.

With a sneeze being 1/8th of an orgasm as Ms. Ophelia helpfully pointed out to me, much pleasure can be gained from bodily functions.

Finally this civilized evening was brought to an end by the consideration that perhaps food is also somewhat anti-social, private and intimate; a full and satiated stomach killing off the art of conversation somewhat. Sex works up an appetite; food leaves us contented, yet useless.

erotic fiction

"I'm gonna butter your muffin"

-by Celiebriel Pie.

Lucy loves licking cock. She adores spanking men's monkeys until they glow a deep and majestic purple, but polishing a bloke's knob is the highlight, and playing with her tits until her nipples come up like a pair of monkey's thumbs give Lucy a dripping snatch. Often she'll dip her fingers in and rub the clitoris hard ("The man in the boat") she thought to herself, and moaned another deep and consistent sigh, brought the sticky fingers back up to her mouth (now temporarily free of the male organ), looked on enviously at the 2 digits glued together with the pussy gel, slid a furtive tongue across her lips, then took the love juice in, and all.

Then she replaced the throbbing member back in its place and gave another deep thrust with her head. Soon enough, the juice sprayed like baby gravy, some of it she took directly and gulped lovingly for it, the remainder shot across the lower half of her face, dripped delicately off her glinting chin, and onto the already sweat soaked breasts. To further enhance the crescendo, a final tuck between her tits with his dick brought Lucy up a right treat.

She wailed decisively.

Lucy loves sucking cock, and she sure loves showing off at what she's good at.

Ok- she thought, all those euphemisms are a bit silly, "a baby's arm holding an apple" for a prick, amusing, but not to be taken too literally.

Some guy she'd been shagging once had given her a list of all the different descriptions, and she'd pinned it on the fridge door, if only to remind her of the afternoon the same guy had hoisted her up on its top, and with her legs dangling, pulled down her knickers, pulled in his face between her thighs, and had not let go until she'd come off right giddy like.

Lucy loves to have her cunt get a right good tonguing of course.

"Two puppies fighting under a blanket", a personal favourite of Lucy's, that's the kind of description she'd have thought up herself, for one, it's so absurd, yet merry, and on the other hand, she'd asked a friend if the term was true of her own chest? Despite her friend looking on a bit too happy like, Lucy stole the show as he stood and swung her ample and full jugs for the demonstration.

Whilst out walking into town, she'd mused to herself, that her tits did indeed barge about most terrifically whilst in full stride, they indeed did resemble two puppies fighting under a blanket.

Meanwhile, back with the hot action- both balls have been licked, sucked and pulled until they ache like fuck. Lucy's friend is in deep; right up to the nose in lightly spruced blonde pubic fur, a hairy pie that's got to be parted so to gain clear entrance to that luscious, labia, labyrinth. Lucy's pussy is hot, wet and delicious, and she wants more, more!

Opposite is a mouth sucking deep on the rigid member. It won't be long before all that commotion comes to a climax, eh!

Getting bent over a chair, fucked up against a tree at midnight, fingered off in the bath, a good wank when stoned, Lucy's done it all and she'll be doing it all again that's for sure.

Having a wank in front of someone else was a doddle, why the fuck should a girl like Lucy have a problem with shoving a dildo up her ass, whilst sucking suggestively on her own fanny battered fingers? Why indeed? "Go on then", Lucy hollers at her friend, "Spank yer monkey, as you say, I wanna see all that come!". It's a bit of an

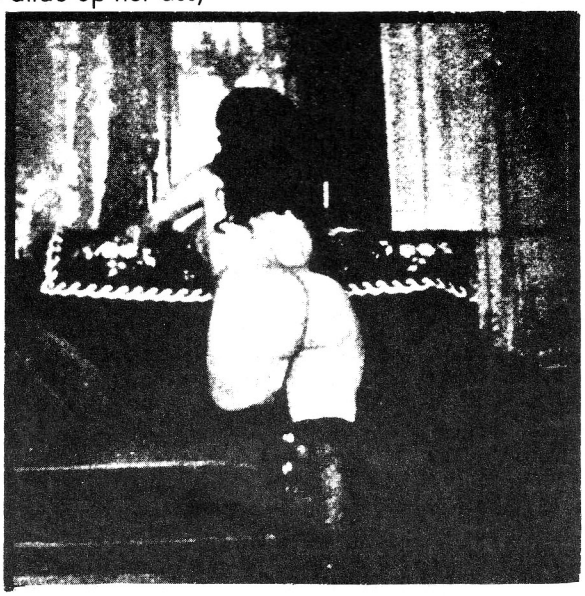
order, but no mean task to conquer at all. Lucy eyes up thespectacle and murmers.

They'd yet to discover the possible joys of watersport heaven for that was an aspect of their humping yet to be accomplished without either breaking into a fit of giggles.

Fucking's an integral recreation for Lucy, for just as she lusts for that orgy of hot pokey action, the passion for always more is an insatiable appetite that can often not be tamed.

"I just love to be wanted, to know the pleasure I can stimulate, not only for myself, but also for my friend. Give me more of that pumping love muscle, slide open them beef curtains, I wanna take the lot!".

-Miss Pie regrets that she cannot enter into personal correspondance.



Position
of the fortnight

Shag stamps, love bites, hickeys, whatever you call them, are deliciously subversive and can seperate you from straight society with their cries of 'yuk' and "but they're so crude," -what's more, they're so easy to do and can be done anywhere!

Getting it right :

-Just get your clutches on your bit (not partner- 'partners' are too right-on, boring and bourgeouis to play;) and choose the right bit of flesh for the bite- necks are conventional, but still cool for that public display, "(s)he's my property, look what I done," kinda thing; buttocks are great for a good nibble on, and there's nowt wrong with thighs....

-Some folk can't do em, but I don't know why coz I can... Are they not biting enough? It's just the right combination of kissing and sucking and biting, it's a mixture of pain and pleasure, and you'll know when you've done it right when it comes up all red and blotchy slowly turning purple and yellow.

what's in it for you :

Showing off- a big 'fuck you' to the squares and a public display of your work branded into your bit of stuff's flesh.

Difficulty rating: 2
(1= easiest, 5= most difficult.)

star fucking
with Picasso and the Plastercasters.

I can relate to groupies. I think it's pretty sad, but I can understand the allure of fucking someone famous- someone more legend than reality, but not pure vacuousness. Someone creative, who sucks off their experience with others to fire and inspire them; unconditional sex, yeah, I could get off on that.

I think I would've liked to have fucked Picasso, yeah, so he was probablys a cunt to a lot of women, so what's new for a painter- but he was a fuckin good artist, was said to have enormous charisma and I bet he was good in bed. Plus he was born in another century, anotherera, and only died the year I was born. That's who I would've liked to have fucked.

-That's why I admire the **Plastercasters,** coz they weren't just groupies. 3 women from Chicago- Cynthia, Dianne and Marilyn, in late 1967 when Cynthia (the eldest?) was about 20, they began their unique collection of plaster models of the erect penises of rock stars. They took their own creativity and imagination into the groupie game, and in doing so subverted the idea that they are merely passive fans; and they also managed to do it with brilliant humour, with their briefcase marked 'plastercasters of Chicago' and visiting cards and T-shirts printed up. ***They*** got souvenirs- they collected something everyone else just talked about. Everyone wanted to know about rock-stars dicks; everyone wanted to know about Hendrix's cock and whether it was really **that big;** and they recorded it all so meticuously like surgeons in their diaries....

celebrity shag

In order to make her shoe fit, Cinderella's elder sister cut off her big toe. "After all," said her mother, "Once she is queen she won't need to walk anymore." The younger sister then cut off the back of her heel.

I AM QUEEN. BECAUSE I DON'T NEED TO WALK. TO PROVE I DON'T NEED TO, I CAN'T.

"What do you ***do****?"*

"I don't DO anything. I more than do; ***I AM.*** *That is my act of doing. It is more than doing. I have made passivity into an art form.*

"Catatonia sounds like the name of a princess. *Only the poor and the workers need bodies which can be used. Chinese mandarins grew their fingernails long to show they didn't have to work. They rendered themselves incapable in order to make their point.*

I have created a beautiful cage in which to sit and be admired, with fabric which some might say is more erotic than flesh, which rustles and quivers when I breathe or sigh.

"An empire bustle with great big sleeves will make a lovely lot of most fascinating noise when you breathe or sigh,"

WAITING. Waiting for gentleman callers, a Southern belle straight out of a Tennessee Williams plantation, all gingham and flounces sat on the veranda. Waiting as a permanent state of pregnancy, like the images of women in gothic art with their elongated bellies. A permanent pregnancy. I have made passivity into an art form. Catatonia is the name of a princess.

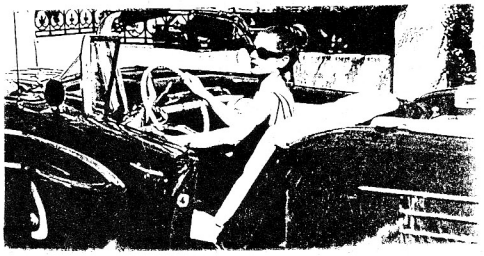
-Wrapped in a dream-like trance like the women in Victorian paintings curled upon their thrones who slept the deep sleep brought on by their excessive masturbation. Or was it the laudarnum?

The little mermaid decided that speech and the use of her legs were less important than marrying a prince, and lived in constant pain. Pain made St Margaret Maria Alacocoque, she had nothing else and she became a saint. I will fuck someone important, I will be someone important. I will be history. I will lie here and be important and be history. The people who work will never be history.

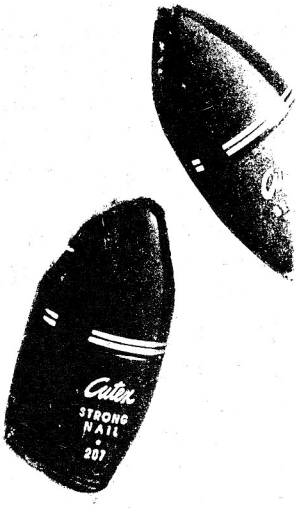
"After all, once she is queen she won't need to walk anymore,"

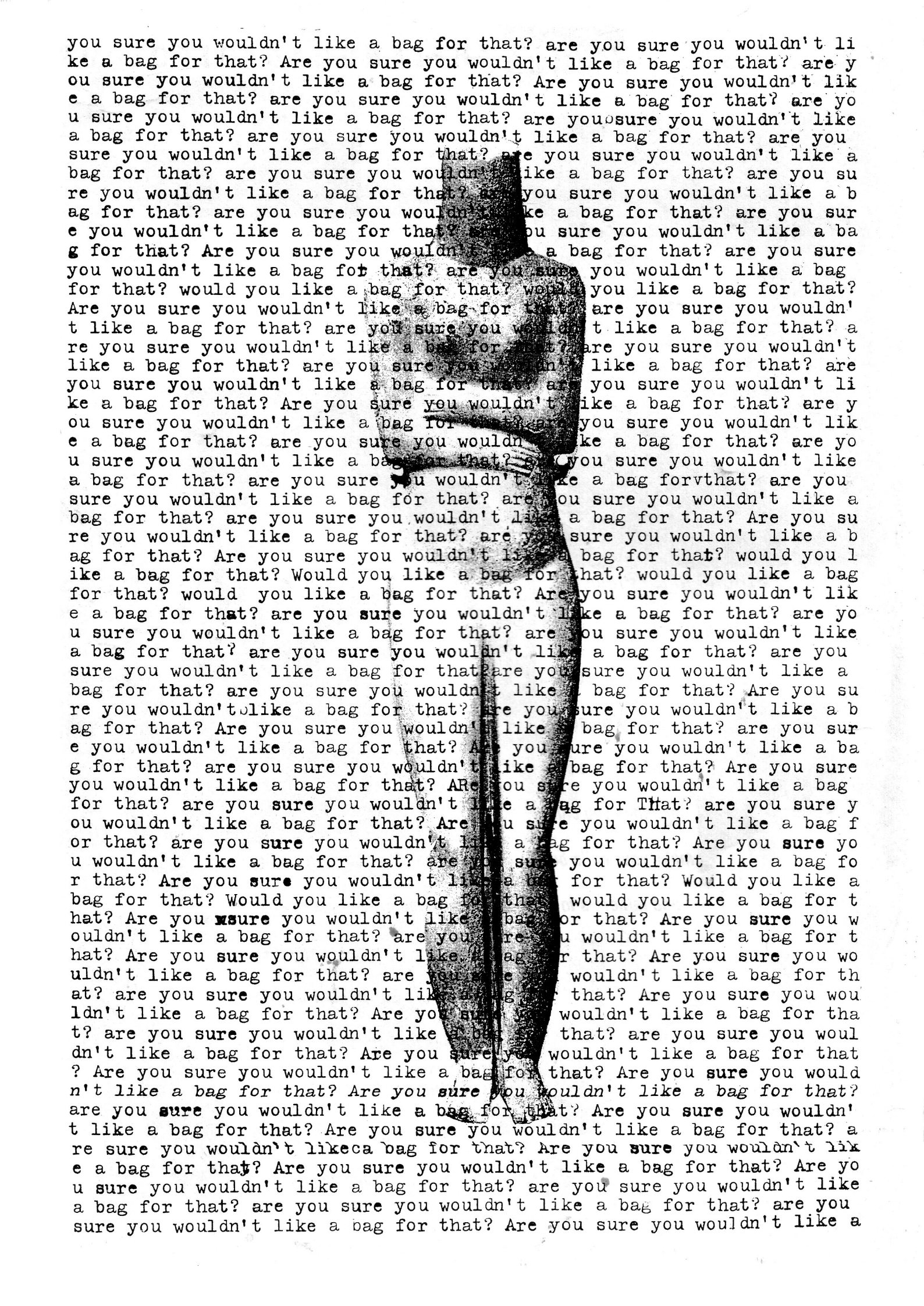
-The younger sister then cut off the back of her heel.

Cutex THELANGUAGEOFCOLOUR



STRONG NAIL - Protection for Beautiful Nails. Now with C utex's revolt-ionary range of performance nail polishes you can make your nails beautiful and strong. They contain calcium and minerals to help strengthen and protect your nails from the rigours of daily life. And there are 15 hard-wearing shades for you to choose from. Strong nail from C utex. Strong on protection. Strong on care. Strong on colour.

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